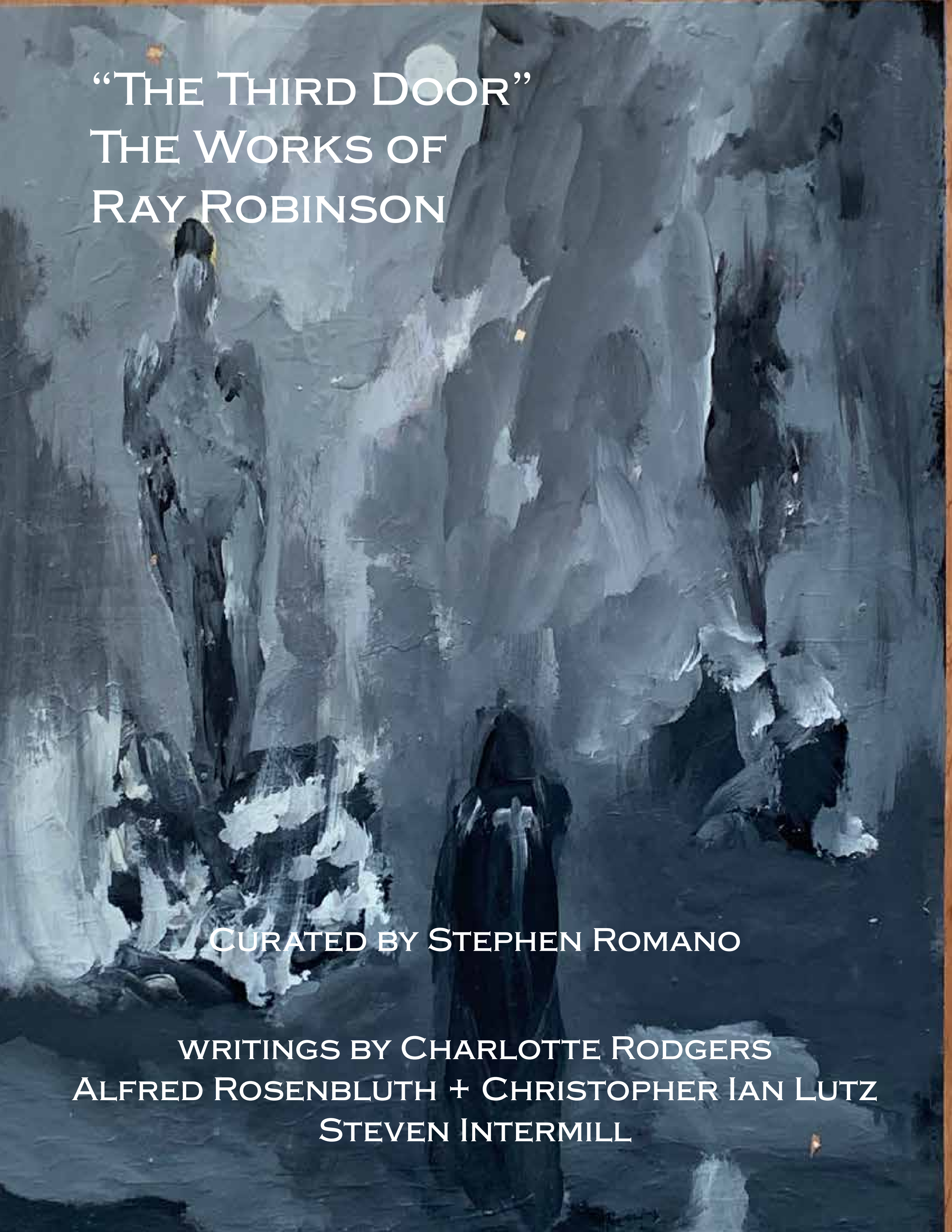


"The Third Door"
The Works of Ray Robinson

Curated by Stephen Romano

writings by Charlotte Rodgers
Alfred Rosenbluth + Christopher Ian Lutz
Steven Intermill



“VISION AFTER THE SERMON - THE GIFT” 2015
THE GIFT OF PROPHECY
THE WITCH SEES HERSELF BURNING IN THE BELLY OF DARKNESS



“JANET HORNE 1727” 2015

The Third Door

MY CONTRIBUTION:

THIS EXHIBITION IS NOT ABOUT PAINTING... ON THIS OCCASION THE CONTENT IS MORE VALUABLE THAN THE VISUAL SKILL OF THE STORY TELLER.

FIRST RESEARCH THEN EMPATHY LED ME TO THE VERY PLACE AND TIME OF THESE EXECUTIONS... I WAS THERE AT THE EXECUTION OF THESE POOR WOMEN........THE SIGHT, THE SOUND AND THE SMELL WERE WITH ME.

I BROUGHT BACK ONLY THE SIGHT BUT I HOPE THAT THESE VISIONS WILL EXTEND THROUGH YOUR EMPATHY WITH THEM TO AN EXPERIENCE OF THE UNWRITTEN HORROR AND BRING YOU TO THE SAME ANGER AND DISGUST THAT I FELT WITH MY FELLOW HUMANS.

THERE IS ALSO BEAUTY IN THE WORKS I LAY BEFORE YOU........BEAUTY BORNE OF HOPE THAT AS HUMANS WE HAVE LEARNED A LITTLE MORE HUMANITY.

YOURS SINCERELY RAY ROBINSON



"BELTANE - NOW IT BEGINS" 2015
THE RITUAL OF BELTANE, LIKE ALL OTHER RITUALS BEGINS WHEN THREE STARS ARE IN THE SKY

Director's Foreword
by Steven Intermill

When dealing with the world of witchcraft in the modern age you often have to gloss over the fact that witchcraft at its core deals with extreme ideas and experiences that most people, with even one foot in the rational world, would want to turn away from.

“Witches are just like everyone else,” we tell the reporters that call around like clockwork every October 1st. “Nothing unusual to see here!”

I’m always happy when they do, of course October is a great time of the year to be a witch, but so is every other month. Beltane is my time. Just post Walpurgisnacht is May Day, when everything around us starts stirring. Greenery springs back, life is reborn.

Here we are controlled by time, when I should be discussing paintings outside of time...

Rumor has it Ray’s grandmother was a witch, perhaps there’s some form of muscle memory in him that lets him channel the fear, power, energy that grandma must have oozed.

These paintings have clear cut marks of witch energy deep in his DNA, creating a ladder that through his paintings we can ascend and descend like a ladder bringing back visions of power.

These paintings take witchcraft out of the malls and back into the caves, into the underworld where the mysteries of unborn knowledge have long been held. I can hear the chants of the ancient witches fueling biomechanical means of time travel, a pulse, a rhythm stating that “This is a place that is not a place and this is time that is not a time...”

Steven Intermill Samhain 2021



“BATTLEGROUND” 2015
WE ALL AT SOMETIME ARE FACED WITH THE CHOICE... TURN RIGHT INTO THE LIGHT... TURN LEFT INTO DARKNESS AND THE FIRE

DARKNESS IS NOT THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT THERE IS THE FORCE OF LIGHT AND THE FORCE OF DARKNESS

EQUAL POWERS... EQUAL FOR THE CHOOSING

Ray Robinson’s Third Door:

Leaving Behind A Conditioned Understanding Of Perceptual Space

by Alfred Rosenbluth

Without an awareness of Ray Robinson’s radical yet simple guiding philosophy of perception, it could seem that the works featured in “The Third Door” are merely beautiful, if not unique variations on the historic activities and persecution of the Witch during 16th and 17th century England. One would be hard pressed to convey the tenets of this philosophy without including his written account of a year during Ray’s adolescence spent with his Grandmother, from whom it was initially transmitted. This three-part chronicle essentially functions as a tra-ditional grimoire, or magical text that conveys to the reader a method by which they may shift from an inherited social construction of space towards a fundamentally esoteric framework. Ray rightly cautions such an egress from consensual reality to not be taken lightly as it is always done so at the potential cost of one’s existing iden-tity.

Again, this philosophy’s claims can only be hinted at, however this show presents the viewer with the chance to safely intuit their studied application within the occluded dimensions of 23 selected works. These paint-ings’ limitation to a black and white scale strategically keeps the depth of Robinson’s sight to the most basic structures of perception, lest one become distracted by an overzealous accentuation of style. One can place the depicted events’ historic identity despite the omission of details that would describe an explicit place and time. These images likewise do not sensationalize the violence their subjects experience, nor do they promote a moral agenda. As always, the artifice of painting compels one to enter an introspective relationship with the subject rather than a reactive one.

As can be the case with encountering such effects of artifice, one may be reticent to admit to the startling reality of a moon reflected in placid water and how in one painting the same white pigment that holds her cold, silver light performs the consuming white heat of flaming execution pyres in another. Robinson’s perceptual sophis-tication indeed seems to animate his limited palette’s use beyond the construction of convincing optics; the behavior of his works’ precision suggests that he is recording an event that he is witnessing with clarity.

Most all trained visual artists today implicitly validate existing conventions – whose progressive developments constellate the linear narrative of Western Art – by either disregarding or revering them. This dichotomy of choice is so ingrained in nearly every working artist’s mind that a distinct, third option often never occurs to one as a possibility, let alone something that could be completed. Successfully passing through this third door would be most feasible were one guided by a deep and informed conviction, as the implications for undertaking such a departure from one’s cultural-programming reach beyond matters of mere artistic proficiency. Hopefully by becoming familiar with Ray Robinson’s work, the viewer can grasp that it is possible to leave behind a condi-tioned understanding of perceptual space and that before them is all that has ever been required to do so.

Burn The Sun
by Christopher Ian Lutz

The persecution of the witch is a war of the hours. The Inquisition that charged women with witchcraft was not just about controlling women's bodies – it was a crusade to extinguish illumination. The Catholic church is a solar religion, channeling divinity through the Son (sun). The sun is the origin of light. Thus, the church considers its institution synonymous with God. As worshipers of the source of illumination, the church claims to be the only true medium of heavenly light. The Morning Star, Lucifer, signifying the master, is not a true source of enlightenment. Its illumination is merely a reflection of the sun. For this reason, the church regards Lucifer as a deceiver of spiritual enlightenment, as is the Moon. The illumination of lunar knowledge is considered an illusion by the church. It is the enlightenment of darkness. It is knowledge absent of the sun, absent of God, the source of knowledge. Therefore, lunar knowledge symbolizes the antichrist, the anti-sun. The female body is considered a vessel, not a source of divinity, and thereby, if filled with false light, she becomes the mother of the antichrist, the antithesis of the holy Madonna. Although it is through the womb of the mother that the sun is born, the church denies the female body as the vessel of divine light. They instead demand her vessel to remain empty, like a virgin. However, the Mother is nature. She is not an astral virgin. She is celestial and terrestrial. She is the creator. She is God.

The night ritual of the witch unifies and celebrates the spiritual and material dualism of the divine feminine that is manifest throughout nature and is embodied in the female. As the female permeates nature, knowledge of herself opens the door to the entire universe. Light from the sun is an external revelation. The bonfire is an internal mystery. The witch enlightens herself through the fire of her own kindling, not through the drama of Mass. She needs not salvation through the Eucharist because transubstantiation comes through the smoke as burning earth transforms into air, connecting the terrestrial to the celestial.

Ray Robinson's paintings are like fire, both illuminating the viewer's consciousness and consuming the panels in monoliths of death. Like fire, the figures and landscapes have form and do not have a form. The figures take on the exact physical likeness of the surrounding natural environment. The same brushstroke and texture that paints the earth and bonfire is the same stroke that depicts the priestess' figure. The monoliths that hang from gallows and rise from pyres are identical to those figures conducting rituals. The moment the viewer realizes one element, they are introduced to its opposite. This dualism is further visualized by the black and white pigment transformed into an intermediate gray. Robinson contains the composition by grounding the figures within a compacted space. Elements are pushed together, creating density. However, like fire enveloping a solid form, that concentration of heat dissolves into the ether.

There is a sense of direction in the paintings, but there is no distinction between the air and ground. The brushstrokes confuse the politics of moral direction. Robinson's brush moves between physicality and spirituality. The motion in the paintings circulate, causing the viewer's eyes to dance with the witches and follow the spirits ascending from the fire. The brushstrokes preserved in pigment appear to be the air circulating the fire and the moonlight. By seeing air, we can see the unseen. This painterly effect is the occult. This is the mystery of the fire. Robinson is not painting scenes of ritual. Rather, a ritual appears as his brush circles the surface of the panel.

There is no sin in a witch reclaiming her relationship with nature. For those channeling the solar current, enlightenment devoid of the sun creates a nightly paradise. According to the church, humanity carries the wound of Original Sin. The sun purifies this sin. Thereby, fire is purification. The church "reclaims" paradise by setting the witch aflame, thus creating a ritual of transforming ignorance into enlightenment. Like the destruction of the

temples of Ishtar millennia ago, the church erased the embodiment of female divinity by crafting altars of fire for a deified ember. The church removed the divine feminine from the earth by burning the female body to raise her in smoke and ash to heaven, restoring her purity as an astral virgin. It is a shadow of the divine ascension. It is not the physical that is supposed to rise to heaven, but the spirit. The prayers, not the screams, are to transcend the body.

Their hanging bodies become scrying shadows casting misfortune on earth. A dead witch closes the portal to the spirit world. The execution of the embodiment of female divinity severs our connection to the dust. We silence our communication with nature and become deaf. The witch is an interlocutor between the physical and the spirit worlds. The church wanted to sever this channel to make the sun the one true direct line to divinity. This is not true. As time unfolded, the church has called upon saints and angels as intermediaries of the divine. Furthermore, the earth is now in great peril because of our silence with nature.

Witches are not necessarily anti-church or anti-christ. However, the church is anti-witchcraft. We typically think of witchcraft as the antithesis of the church, but historically, it has been the reverse. The church structured its theology and rituals to absorb and eliminate the pagan practices that preexisted Christianity. Robinson reminds us of the beginning of religion, where witchcraft, the divine feminine, is at its roots. The female is priestess and goddess. The persecution of witchcraft conceals this history. By mourning the executions of numerous witches, Robinson unearths this buried spirituality. The Third Door is a history of light, but these works are not mere imitations of historical figures and events. Instead, they are extensions of our present reality. Robinson is not painting history — he is creating reality. His hand moves through the landscape, through history, through pain, through fire.



”THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION - LEAPING THE BETANE FIRE” 2015
THROUGH THE FLAMES FOR PURIFICATION...FAIL AND BE CONSUMED

Ray Robinson with Charlotte Rodgers

THE ART OF RAY ROBINSON: THE SLEEP OF REASON (The original title for the series) “THE THIRD DOOR” by Charlotte Rodgers, October 6 2016.

“NO ONE CAN MAKE A JAPANESE TEA CEREMONY BOWL... THEY GROW FROM THE HANDS OF THE MASTER AND THE NEEDS OF THE CLAY... THE MASTER ALLOWS”
Ray Robinson

History is littered with visionaries who change our perception, Often, in these people’s lifetime their work, their art is only glimpsed out of the corner of an eye and whilst it changes you, the change isn’t necessarily acknowledged at source. It usually takes another visionary to stop, pause and recognise the impact. Rarely is the originator of the change of awareness still alive at this moment of recognition. I often wondered what it would be like to communicate with one of these iconoclasts. If I met Austin Osman Spare for instance, would I have the ability to recognise him, to pause, and open myself up to a different way of seeing?

I first encountered Ray Robinson’s work when I was interviewing Gallery Owner and Art Dealer Stephen Romano, and I found it to be some of the most powerful art I’ve come across. Now, I’ve interviewed many artists and spiritual teachers, but this particular conversation fell into neither camp and was in a league apart from both. A good interviewer adapts themselves to the individual rhythm and dance of those they are conversing with and there can be a huge variation in movement. In this particular instance I have been challenged, insulted, taken on mystical journeys, had the most incredible dreams, but never, NEVER had a question directly answered.
Truth to tell I loved the process, infuriating as it was at points.

The following relates portions of conversations with a great artist who will change you. Recognise it, allow it, and for gods sakes try and see Ray Robinson’s work in actuality.

I’m not a formally trained art critic so this discussion won’t be focused on academic interpretation of your work. Hopefully you won’t be insulted by any ignorance on my part but instead regard it as way to communicate as freely as you want without having to adhere to any particular approach.

I’ve read your *Grandmother Chronicles* which perhaps gives an insight into your structuring of reality and art. Words are often so limited but this is an astounding piece of writing.

The trauma of leaving your home in WW2 London, going to stay at your grandmother’s and undergoing an initiation of sorts into different perceptions of vision and interpretation is wonderful, as is the way you describe the representation of perceptions of light, time and space.

Now it would be easy for me to turn this into a conversation where I grill you about aspects of your work that I’m personally fascinated by, constantly interrupting you with my irritating over enthusiastic asides, but I won’t. I am an untrained artist who has written a few books and my personal creative interests, what I focus on and what I often write about, are spirituality and power that are contained within objects and art. The older I get the more I realise that the line between art and magic is so fine as to be non-existent. What should this say?
So who are you?

Very brave (I am not sure whether Ray is referring to himself or me for approaching him in that statement). **I**

live in Nova Scotia but am originally from London, England. I am a very trained artist who has also written a few books. I have lived a life with the fact that there is no line at all.

Nothing has ever inspired me. Mine has been a search for 'why' I do not know. I know that I do not know, but why the great gaps in a human's basic understanding? The senses to not sense but, still, humans survive.

Inspiration surely is the source of the creative process and if creativity doesn't exist, then what is an artist and who and what are you? What are the images you produce? Premeditated? Actual?

No not premeditated.
No not actual.
No not channelled
Allowed
Allowed by who or what?
By the subject.

At the beginning of the *Grandmother Chronicles* you use a quote by Magnus Rowentree "How you see the world shows how it behaves, change how you see the world, and the world changes". And that leads into the memory of a child leaving the grey chaos of London to a world ordered by nature and a near crystalline perception that is the antithesis of before, but makes complete sense and is very real and actual.

In a memo to Stephen Romano you said that, "Sculpture as a pure visual art form cannot and does not exist, Form has measurable three dimensions but is not to human vision, three dimensional. Human vision can only see half of any form. A simple glass globe described visually is half convex and half concave! Multiple views of a single object do not give an experience of the whole." This is fascinating – and challenging for the artist.

This is developing into a conversation, which at the moment I cannot support. I know Stephen has a good reason for suggesting you talk to me. His project at the moment required that he asked me for some comments on my art... I suggested that this was not really a good idea given his understanding of my basic views. I sent him a quick and short sample of what my replies to his questions might be, in this case my basic view of my sculpture. His reply was to send you to me???

Ray and I worked through this and I began to realise that Ray was a visionary who communicates through his art. Interpretations of his work are incredibly important to him and are something he wants translated properly and accurately. I also needed to try not to get too absorbed in Ray's fascinating philosophies and retain a degree of distance and professionalism. So, we continued the dance...

"Humans have two ways to understand reality, each world taken to the logical conclusion of living. First a world of conception and secondly a world seen with perception. However only if you understand these words and without the 'isms' of art doctrine you do not need to question me, however even after that there are still much to be learned." Ray Robinson

Tell me about the series of paintings Sleep of Reason (former title for The Thrid Door series)

Stephen was mounting many shows on the subjects of witches. To me the basic truth of this was totally unreasonable until I thought of the sleep of reason in the midst of these people and after that, total empathy. As with all art, total empathy between artists, materials and subject.

These works are not some airy-fairy illustration; they are real. Real in fact, real in space, real in time. All

I did was write it all down. All that is except the hanging...I could not write down the smell and the visual truth was more than my brush could summon.

Witches?
Poor Devils
Each of the paintings has a true circumstance...and the result of my 'being there' My general observation of my contribution was, as I wrote at the time
'When reason sleeps in the minds of the wise
Witches burn and demons rise'

I moved closer
The twigs were catching The wind across the moor Blowing red into orange Then the scream
The woman
The wind
They screamed higher
On and on
I ran..
("WHEN WITCHES BURN AND DEMONS RISE")

Hanging
We arrived early
The old horse was still going Forward under the scaffold
I heard her feet scrape as she Reach the end of the cart
She rung into space to join the Other four
Women strangling...animal sounds Bit I remember the smell
Deaths discharge...their skirts, Their feet, the road
Everywhere
("SLEEP OF REASON, JULY 1692")

As you may have seen from my words, I have rendered a much-sanitised version of the hanging; they were in fact all hung from a single tree branch, this being parallel to the road. They were swung out into space from a plodding horse and cart. I have tried to give back some dignity...but perhaps it is all the more terrifying for being just a roadside event.

True horror. The old, the deformed…tortured and murdered. Your being within this process via the creation of the work must have been akin to bring in Hell...did the painting of the series affect you terribly?

They were not old. No different in any way to their accusers.

Did the work (Sleep of Reason) affect me? If you mean adversely, then no, they ascended the grim subject matter to become as I needed them to

Do you believe in reincarnation? Or fluid time?

No, I do not believe in reincarnation. I do not believe in the existence of time.
I have walked a long road, with many roadside attractions. There is a dark side, but beauty is ever to be sought for.

Why did you move your profession from mathematics to art?

One quick answer- probability management.
I worked in Mayfair London on Brooke Street...the head of a multi-billion dollar corporation, Allied Iron Founders, I was one of two advisers to the board of directors. My predictions were sound and I rose…the usual bonuses, car, house in the suburbs etc. Then two things coincided to blight my brilliant career.

The director who had the most faith in my predictions was killed in a car crash and I was told my eye sight was failing and that if I continued to work as I did (this was the days before computers, just slide rule and paper) I just had a couple of years left of vision.
I resigned.
What to do? My wife suggested the furthest thing imaginable from practical. Why not do what I always dreamed of doing, go to art school!
I did and all else followed, place at Slade and the Rome prize (declined)

Why did you decline the Rome prize?

My new wife was pregnant with the twins.

Did changing your life path to become an artist, make you happy?

At the time, yes and no. After Slade I had the proverbial plum job, teaching at The Bath Academy. It lasted four years, and ended with a trial, as my teaching was considered to be a destructive influence. The college lost said trial and I moved to Canada. It was all rubbish of course. I said then, pretty much what I say now but really it was my insistence of working from the figure, which was being dropped, that was the cause of the confict. My trial was followed by student riots nationwide, which perhaps proved the argument for the prosecution!

During my trial I had a letter from Queen's University in Canada, offering me the job of heading the Department of Sculpture in their New Department of Art Education. After the trial I accepted the offer but had misread the letter and arrived a year too early to take up the position. To fill in the year I was assistant curator of the Gallery in London, a year at Queen's but did not like Kingston, offered sculpture at H. B. Beal Secondary School and I loved it. Great kids, and what an amazing idea, a High School that offered a major in art!!! It was then that Jake Moore (Canadian Billionaire) offered me patronage. All I needed was a three day a week job, so on to Fanshawe College (London, Ontario). While at Fanshawe I had the offer to head up the Department of Art at Lambton (Sarnia, Ontario). After my interview I met Bill Arnold (ceramics professor at Lambton), we talked...here we had all the makings of a Department of Art at Lambton. I said that I would stay for two years; I stayed for eighteen! We turned it into a great art department. Within a couple of years our Art Fundamentals Students were offered a place in second year University and we attracted students from as far away as China. My teaching methods had been justified. I retired and Bill took early retirement. The Department closed behind us.

'..and so pass through the matrix of memory and through The archetype that de ned the rst vision and set our Parameters
To an inner meaning without external references,
THE THIRD.DOOR'
Ray Robinson

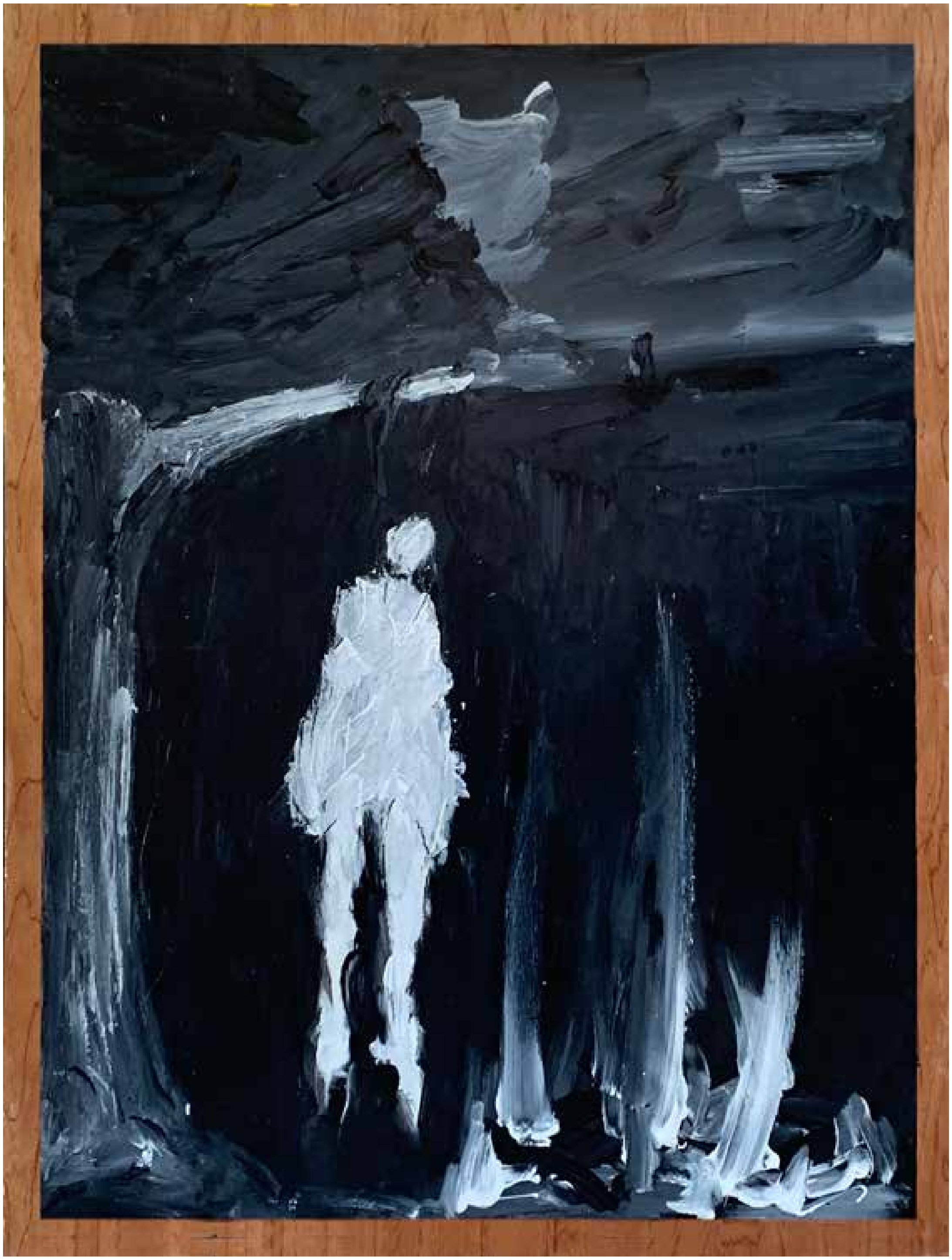
An exchange that hurtled me through time, change, light, reality and the nature of art. At the centre of this is a man who lives in Nova Scotia, 'a beautiful place' with, I imagine a clarity of space that works well with Ray Robinson's vision.



“THE CALL” 2015
WHERE ARE YOU GOING... WHEN ALL PATHS LEAD TO ME?



“BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION - OGHAM SCRIPT” 2015
THE STONE CARRIES THE MESSAGE INTO THE FUTURE
OGHAM SCRIPT WAS JUST SHORT LINES CUT INTO THE CORNERS OF THE STANDING STONE...
BUT IT DID GIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME A MEANS OF PASSING ON RITUAL



“THE DAY THE WITCH LYN BURCHETT WAS GIVEN SHORT SHIFT AND HANGED. HER BODY BURNED IN THE GROUNDS OF DOLBADAM CASTLE” 2015



“THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION - THE SCYRING POOL” 2015



“METAMORPHOSIS” 2015 THE SUN BEGAN TO RISE AND SHE TURNED TO STONE



“I AM” 2016



“WHEN WITCHES BURN AND DEMONS RISE” 2015



“BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION - SACRED PLACES” 2015
THE STONES MARKED THE SACRED SPACE... LAND SEA AND AIR



“TWO WITCHES BURNED IN MADISON HEATH, MARCH 22nd” 2015



“CHOOSE - LEFT OR RIGHT?” 2015



“THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION” 2015
SAMHAIN FIRE IN THE SHADOW OF DOLBADARN CASTLE
AFTER THE HANGING OF OUR SISTER IN HER SHORT SHIFT OF INDIGNITY WE BUILT A FIRE ON THE SACRED DAY AND RECLAIMED THE LAND



“THE BRIDE” 2015 THE VIRGIN WAS PRESENTED TO THE COVEN



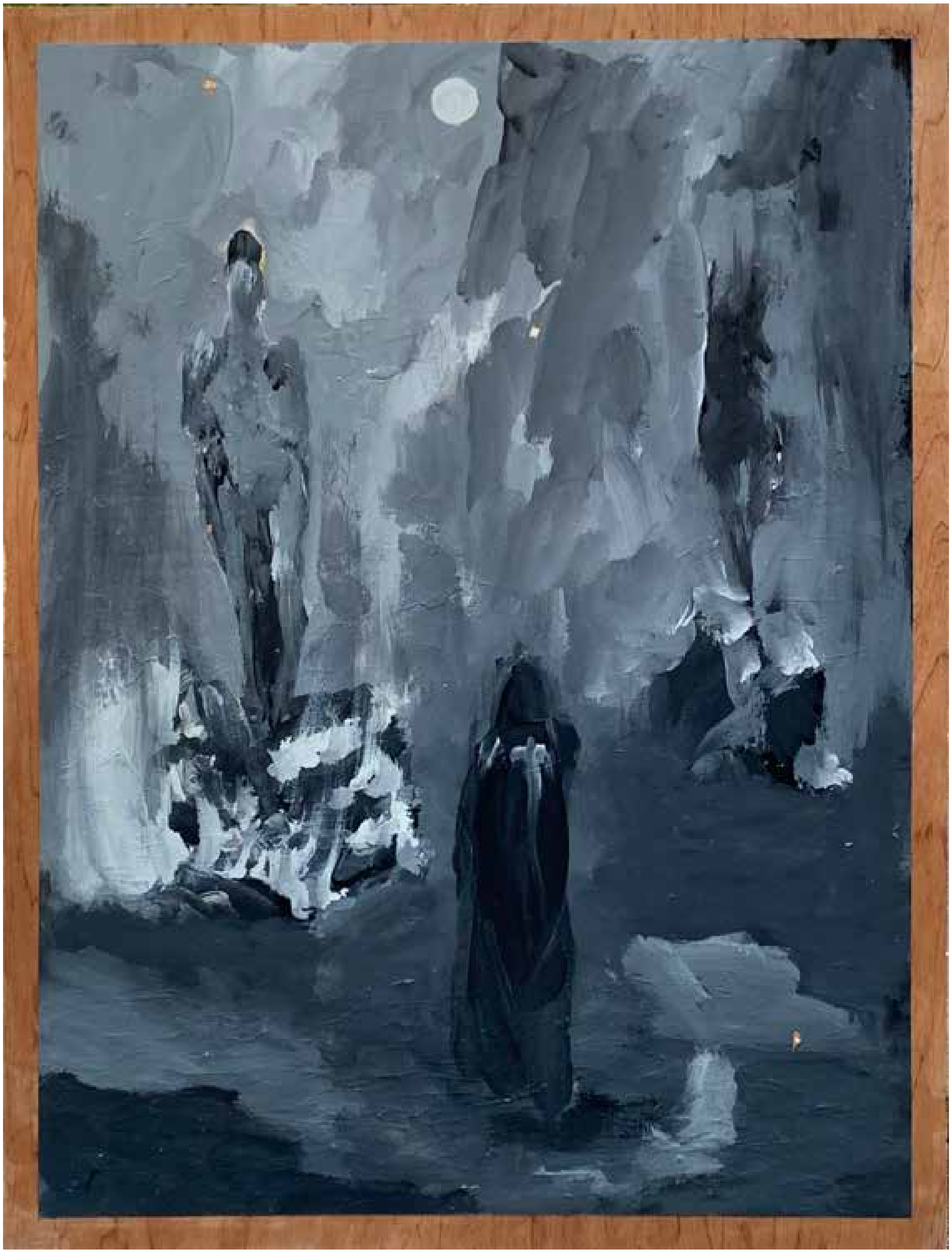
“MERRIE ENGLAND 1657” 2015
THE TIME OF THE WITCH FINDER GENERAL
- MATTHEW HOPKINS DURING THE COMMONWEALTH 1650’s



"SLEEP OF REASON, JULY 1692"



“MOTHER AND CHILD COME TO THE SABAT FOR BAPTISM” 2015



“JANET LEAFLEY AND HER DOG ‘TIBBINS’ EXECUTED ON THE SAME DAY
(DOG WAS SHOWN MERCY AND STRANGLED BEFORE BEING BURNED)” 2015

“SHE LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL OF THE NIGHT. THEN, MOVING, AS ALL THINGS MOVE BY CHANCE, THE LIGHT TOUCHED HER. NOW, THROWING OFF HER CLOAK OF DARKNESS AND MOON CLAD SHE BEGAN TO MOVE”

MAGNUS ROWENTREE (1331 - ?)



“THE BIRTH OF A WITCH” 2016



“WHERE TWO OR MORE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER TO COMPLETE THE RITUAL” 2015

Acknowledgements

My first encounter with Ray Robinson was in the fall of 1981 as a 19-year-old, in Sarnia Ontario. He visited the community college where I was studying art, as he was set to take over the department's program in a few weeks. My good friend, the late Canadian painter John Haxton and I, spotted him by himself, peering over a balcony overlooking the college's dining room. Oddly, he seemed to be engrossed in something. We were very curious about the man who was going to shepherd our direction, however, we thought we'd give him a taste of our irreverence (speaking for myself, of course) so we approached him. As we did, I swear I saw him look up at us, and make an arc of light with his finger around his head. The world stopped.

I had never seen anything like this before. I was simultaneously humbled and baffled, not sure if what I had just seen was real or not. He, still from a distance, seemed amused as though he had both sent out a friendly greeting, and was also having a cosmic giggle on us. Yet, I had damn well better show due respect, was the message. (A worthy opponent!)

Tongue tied, I asked Ray… "What will you teach us?" He replied, pithily, "Do you see the chaos around you? The world is in visual chaos.. see that table over there? It's floating, it isn't visually attached to the ground…" He went on for several minutes detailing how the entire mise en scène before us was a world of visual chaos, all the while gesturing with his arm and hand in space how it should be re-ordered. "The whole world is in visual chaos, and I'm going to teach you how to order it, I'm going to teach you how to see…"

I tried to grasp at my old life as pretty much everything I thought I knew imploded. I timidly said (and he still jokes about it), "I don't know what you're talking about." I remember the look of pity he gave me, and how I vowed to myself to defy his low expectation of me, as though it was my last act on this earth. I remember John remarking afterwards, "What if we find out he's insane?" To which I replied, without trying to be clever, "Better yet, what if we find out WE are the ones who are insane?" The echo of those words still reverberates in the caverns of my unconscious some 40 years later--almost to the day.

Not long after our apprenticeships with Ray Robinson began, he advised me to close the art history books and read *Journey to Ixland* by Carlos Castaneda. "Everything you need to know about being an artist is in there," he said. I still refer to that book, the very same copy. And thus began my apprenticeship with the master. To this day, he still calls me "grasshopper", and I still, in vain, try to snatch the pebble from his hand.

It has been a journey of magic, lucid dreams, using death as advisor, and doing my best to be worthy of his teachings. I hope in presenting this exhibition of his captivating works, I have made some small contribution to the spirit of the man, and have made a small dent in the massive debt I owe Ray Robinson, without whose influence, I would be a thin shadow of the man I am.

The artist wishes to acknowledge the following..

"MY MODELS WITHOUT WHOM THERE WOULD BE NO SHOW AND MY WIFE BRENDA WITHOUT WHOM THERE WOULD BE NO ART AT ALL

PLUS ROMANO INTRODUCED ME TO NEW YORK... AND DAVID GILLIES WHO FRAMED MY WORK AND BOUGHT ME EXPENSIVE PAPER WHEN I COULD NOT AFFORD EITHER

JAKE MOORE OF LABATT WHO SPONSORED ME FOR TWO YEARS TO ALLOW ME TO WORK ON ART FULL TIME"

-Ray Robinson

I wish to acknowledge the enduring generosity of The Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick, specifically Steven Intermill, Jillian Slane and Toni Rotonda, and the ever-present spirit of founder Raymond Buckland.

Thank you to Charlotte Rodgers for your courage in penetrating the veil with your interview. Thank you to Alfred Rosenbluth for your always eloquent and enlightening words. Thank you to Christopher Ian Lutz for your beautifully crafted and engaging words as well. You have all put as much love and empathy into your writing on Ray's art as he puts into the making of it himself.

Thank you to our friends, patrons and supporters Kevin J O'Rourke, James Brett, John Jerrit, Eric Brecher, Tom Isenberg, Boris Martinov, Jemma Foster, and Joanna Ebenstein and Laetitia Ante Delictum of Morbid Anatomy. A Very special thank you to Connie McLachlan for all your editorial work on this catalog, it was absolutely invaluable.

Thank you also to my dearest Amie Romano for lovingly photographing Ray Robinson's artworks.

-- Stephen Romano, exhibition curator. November 2021.

RAYMOND BUCKLAND'S
EST MUSEUM OF 1966
WITCHCRAFT AND MAGICK
CLEVELAND, OHIO

stephen
ROMANO
gallery